Essex County Herald.

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Probate Court Sessions.

SESSIONS OF THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF ESSEX will be held as follows during the year 1910:

At Lewis in the forenoon of the first Tuesday of February, June, September and December.

At Canaan in the afternoon of each of the same days.

At Guildhall on the first Mondays of April and October.

At Guildhall on the first Saturday of each month.

Special sessions will be held at any place in the district by agreement.

Address communications to Guildhall office, C. A. Wyman, Register; to Island Pond office, to HERBERT W. BLAKE, Judge.

"IF LOVE WERE ALWAYS LAUGHTER."

If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waiting years,
I'd pray a life of love to you,
Sent down from heaven above to you,
And never grief come near to you—
To spread its shadow, dear, to you—
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years.
So I, dear heart, would sue for you
A mingling of the two for you
That grief may lend its calm to you
And love may send its balm to you,
For grief brings often laughter
And love brings often tears.
—Century Magazine.

WHOA, MAUD!

MAUD cannot sing, recite or dance,
Paint china, write a ballad,
But she can beat the chefs of France
At making lettuce salad.
Detroit Free Press.

SHE cannot sew, she cannot cook,
She can't cut out a skirt;
But, though she never reads a book,
At bridge she is expert.
—New York Mail.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

SYNOPSIS.

Lee Virginia Wetherford, who has been to an eastern school for years, returns to Roaring Fork. Her mother, a coarse, masculine woman, is running a shabby boarding house, where whisky is sold without license.

Lee meets Ross Cavanagh, forest ranger, and Forest Supervisor Redfield. Cavanagh and Lee become interested in each other.

Lize Wetherford, Lee's mother, becomes ill. Lee starts in to improve the character of the boarding house. Cavanagh and Redfield compliment her.

Gregg, a ranchman, threatens Cavanagh. Lee is disgusted with her surroundings. Lize ceases her elicit whisky selling. Mrs. Redfield invites Lee to visit Elk Lodge.

Redfield tells Lee about Cavanagh's interesting career and explains the work and troubles of the forest service.

Lee is delighted with the culture shown at Elk Lodge. Cavanagh rides sixty miles to spend the evening with her.

Cavanagh's love for Lee grows. Mrs. Redfield likes Lee, but dislikes her mother and thinks Cavanagh's love affair is foolish.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOCTOR SEES LIZE.

LEE VIRGINIA said goodby to Mrs. Redfield with grateful appreciation of her kindness, and especially of her invitation to come again, and the tears in her eyes profoundly affected the older woman, who, with a friendliness which was something more than politeness, invited her to come again. "Whenever Roaring Fork gets on your nerves we'll be very glad to rescue you," she said in parting.

Hugh Redfield the girl thoroughly understood and loved, he was so simple hearted and so loyal. On the way to the office he said to Lee, "I will talk to the doctor if you like."

"I wish you would," she responded fervently.

She remained in the machine while he went in, and as she sat there a train passed on its downward eastward run, and a feeling of loneliness, of helplessness, filled her heart. Now that she was within sight of the railway the call of the east, the temptation to escape all her discomforts, was almost great enough to carry her away, but into her mind came the thought of the ranger riding his solitary way, and she turned her face to her own duties once more, comforted by the words of praise he had spoken and by the blaze of admiration in his eyes.

Redfield came out, followed by a small man carrying a neat bag.

"You'd better sit behind doctor," said Redfield. "I shall be very busy on this trip."

"Very well," replied the other, "if Miss Wetherford remains beside me; otherwise I shall rebel."

He began by asking a few questions about her mother's way of life, but as Lee was not very explicit he became impersonal and talked of whatsoever came into his mind—motorcars, irrigation, hunting, flowers, anything at all—and the girl had nothing to do but to utter an occasional phrase to show that she was listening. It was all rather depressing to her, for she could not understand how a man so garrulous could be a good physician. She was quite sure her mother would not treat him with the slightest respect.

After all, he talked well. His stream of conversation shortened the way for her. Soon they were rolling quietly up the street to the door of the Wetherford House.

They found Lize on duty behind the counter, as usual. Her face was dejected, her eyes dull, but as she caught sight of the strange little man she cried out, "Why didn't you bring me a man, Reddy?"

"Hush, mother!" cautioned Lee. "This is the famous eastern physician."

"You can't be famous for your beauty; you must be brainy," she remarked to herself in the stranger's hearing.

Redfield presented "Dr. Fessenden of Omaha."

She started again on contemptuous ways, but was stopped by the little man. "Get down out of that chair!" he commanded. "My time is money!"

Lize flushed with surprise and anger, but obeyed, and Lee Virginia, secretly delighted with the physician's imperative manner, led the way into the lodging house. "I'll look after the cash, mother," she said. "Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying," she replied. "But what does that little whelp mean by talking to me like that? I'll swat him one if he isn't careful!"

"It's his way. Please don't anger him. You need his help."

The doctor interfered. "Now, madam, strip and let's see what's the matter with you," whereupon he laid off his coat and opened his box of instruments.

Lee fled, and Redfield, who had remained standing beside the counter, could not repress a smile. "She's caught a tartar this time."

"Poor mother! How dreadfully ill she looks today! I hope the doctor will order her to rest."

"But will she obey? I've argued that with her. She keeps saying she will, but she won't."

It was nearly 1, but the customers were coming in, and the girl, laying

"GET DOWN OUT OF THAT CHAIR!"

aside her hat and veil, took her seat at the cash register, while Redfield went out to put his machine in order for the return trip. She realized that she was now at close hand grapple with life.

Her glowing cheeks, her pretty dress made her a shining mark, and the men began at once to improve their opportunity by asking, "Where's Lize?" And this embarrassed her, for the reason that she did not care to go into the cause of her mother's temporary absence.

Perceiving her nervousness, Neill Ballard raised loud outcry over a mistake she made in returning change, and this so confused and angered her that her eyes misted with tears, and she blundered sadly with the next customer. His delight in her discomfiture, his words, his grin, became unendurable, and in a flush of rage and despair she sprang to her feet and left them to make triumphant exit. "I got her rattled," he roared as he went out. "She'll remember me."

The diners were all smiling, and Gregg took a malicious satisfaction in her defeat. She had held herself haughtily apart from him, and he was glad to see her humbled.

Leaving her place behind the counter, she walked through the room with uplifted head and burning eyes, her heart filled with bitterness and fire. She hated the whole town, the whole state at the moment. Were these "the chivalrous short grass knights" she had heard so much about—these the large souled "western founders of empire?" At the moment she was in the belief that all the heroes of her childhood had been of the stamp of Neill Ballard.

In the hall her pride, her sense of duty, came back to her, and she halted her fleeing feet. "I will not be beaten," she declared, and her lips straightened. "I will not let these dreadful creatures make a fool of me in that way."

Thereupon she turned and went back, pale now, but resolved to prove herself the mistress of the situation. Fortunately Redfield had returned, and his serene presence helped her to recover complete control of herself. She remained coldly blank to every compliment, and by this means she subdued them.

The doctor, appearing suddenly in the door, beckoned to her, and, leaving her place, she crossed to where he stood. "Your mother needs you," he said curtly, "Go to her and keep her quiet for an hour or two if you can."

"What is the matter, doctor?"

"I can't tell you precisely, but you must get her on a diet and keep her there. I will write out some lists for you after my luncheon."

Lee found her mother sitting in such dejection as she had never known her to display, though she fired up sufficiently to say: "That cussed little thimblerigger has been throwing a great big scare into me. He says I've got to get outdoors, live on raw meat and weak tea and walk five miles a day. That's what he says," she added in renewed astonishment at the man's audacity. "Who's at the cash?"

"Mr. Redfield," replied Lee. "I'll go right back."

"No, you won't. I'm no dead horse yet." She struggled to her feet and started for the cash register. "I won't let no little Omaha doughie like that put me out of business."

Despite all warnings she walked out into the dining room and took her accustomed seat with set and stern face, while her daughter went to the table where the doctor sat and explained her inability to manage her mother.

"That's your problem," he replied coolly. Then rapidly, succinctly and clearly he went over the case and laid out a course of treatment. Out of it all Lee deduced that her mother was very ill indeed, though not in danger of sudden death.

"She's on the chute," said Fessenden, "and everything depends upon her own action whether she takes the plunge this winter or twenty years from now. She's a strong woman, or has been, but she has presumed upon her strength. She used to live out of doors, she tells me, during all her early life, and now, shut in by these walls, working sixteen hours a day, she is killing herself. Get her out if you can and cut out stimulants."

As he rose and approached the counter Lize shoved a couple of gold pieces across the board. "That wipes you off my map," she grimly declared. "I hope you enjoyed your ride."

"It's up to you, madam," he replied, pocketing the gold. "Good day!"

"I'll be down again in a day or two," called Redfield.

The machine began to pur and spit and the wheels to spin, and Lee Virginia was left to face her mother's obstinate resistance alone. She felt suddenly very desolate, very weak and very poor. "What if mother should die?" she asked herself.

Gregg was standing before the counter talking with Lize as Lee returned, and he said, with a broad smile, "I've just been saying I'd take this hotel off your mother's hands provided you went with it."

In the mouths of some men these words would have been harmless enough, but coming from the tongue of one whose life could only be obscurely hinted at the jest was an insult. The girl shuddered with repulsion, and Lize spoke out:

"Now, see here, Bullfrog, I'm dead on the hoof and all that, but neither you nor any other citizen like you can be funny with my girl. She's not for you. Now, that's final! She ain't your kind."

She turned to Lee. "I'm hungry. Where's that grub chart of mine?"

Lee brought the doctor's page of notes and read it through, while her mother snorted at intervals: "Hah! Dry toast, weak tea, no coffee, no alcohol. Huh! I might as well starve! Eggs—fish—milk! Why didn't he say boiled live lobsters and champagne? I tell you right now I'm not going to go into that kind of a game. If I die I'm going to die eating what I blame please!"

The struggle had begun. With desperate courage Lee fought, standing squarely in the rut of her mother's daily habit. "You must not hive up here any longer," she insisted. "You must get out and walk and ride. I can take care of the house, at least till we can sell it."

It was like breaking the pride of an athlete, but little by little she forced upon her mother a realization of her true condition, and at last Lize consented to offer the business for sale.

Lee longed for the presence of Ross Cavanagh at this moment, when all her little world seemed tumbling into ruin, and almost in answer to her wordless prayer came a messenger from the little telephone office, "Some one wants to talk to you."

She answered this call hurriedly, thinking at first that it must be Mrs. Redfield. The booth was in the little sitting room of a private cottage, and the mistress of the place, a shrewd little woman with inquisitive eyes, said, "Sounds to me like Ross Cavanagh's voice."

Lee was thankful for the booth's privacy, for her cheeks flamed up at this remark, and when she took up the receiver her heart was beating so loud it seemed as if the person at the other end of the wire must hear it. "Who is it, please?" she asked, with breathless intensity.

A man's voice came back over the wire so clear, so distinct, so intimate, it seemed as if he were speaking into her ear. "It is I, Ross Cavanagh. I want to ask how your mother is."

"She is terribly disheartened by what the doctor has said, but she is in no immediate danger."

He perceived her agitation and was instantly sympathetic. "Can I be of use? Do you need me? If you do I'll come down."

"Where are you?"

"I am at the sawmill, the nearest telephone station."

"How far away are you?"

"About thirty miles."

"Oh!" She expressed in this little sound her disappointment, and as it trembled over the wire he spoke quickly: "Please tell me! Do you want me to come down? Never mind the distance. I can ride it in a few hours."

She was tempted, but bravely said: "No; I'd like to see you, of course, but the doctor said mother was in no danger. You must not come on our account."

He felt the wonder of the moment's intercourse over the wilderness steeps and said so. "You can't imagine how strangely sweet and civilized your voice sounds to me here in this savage place. It makes me hope that some day you and Mrs. Redfield will come up and visit me in person."

"I should like to come."

"Perhaps it would do your mother good to camp for awhile. Can't you persuade her to do so?"

"I'm trying to do that—I mean, to stop work—but she says, 'What can we do to earn a living?'"

"If nothing happens I hope to spend an hour or two at the Fork next Sunday. I hope to find your mother better."

Their words were of this unemotional sort, but in their voices something subtler than the electrical current vibrated. He called to her in wordless fashion, and she answered in the same mysterious code, and when she said "Goodby!" and hung up the receiver her world went suddenly gray and commonplace, as if a ray of special sunlight had been withdrawn.

CHAPTER X.

THE POACHERS.

ONE morning as he topped the rise between the sawmill and his own station Cavanagh heard two rifle shots in quick succession snapping across the high peak on his left. Bringing his horse to a stand, he unslung his fieldglasses and slowly and minutely swept the tawny slopes of Sheep mountain, from which the forbidden sounds seemed to come.

"A herder shooting coyotes," was his first thought. Then, remembering that there were no camps in that direction and that a flock of mountain sheep (which he had been guarding carefully) habitually fed round that grassy peak, his mind changed. "I wonder if those fellows are after those sheep," he mused as he angled down the slope. "I reckon it's up to me to see."

In less than three hours he was over on the trail in the canyon, quite certain that the hunters were still above him. He rode quietly up the valley, pausing often to listen and to scrutinize the landscape, but no sign of campfire and no further rifle shots came, and at last he went into camp upon the trail, resolved to wait till the poachers appeared, a ward which his experience as a soldier helped him to maintain without nodding.

In these long hours his thought played about the remembrance of his last visit to the Fork and his hour with Lee. He wondered what she was doing at the moment. How charming she had looked there at Redfields'—so girlish in form, so serious and womanly of face!

He felt as never before the ineludible loneliness of the ranger's life. The guardians of these high places must forever be solitary. No ranger could rightfully be husband and father, for to bring women and children into these solitudes would be cruel.

He put all this aside—for the time—by remembering that he was a soldier under orders and that marriage was a long way off, and so smoked his pipe and waited for the dawn, persistent as a Sioux and as silent as a fox.

At daylight, there being still no sign of his quarry, he saddled his horse and was about to ride up the trail when he caught the sound of voices and the sharp click of iron hoofs on the rocks above him. With his horse's bridle in his arm he awaited the approaching horsemen, resolute and ready to act.

As the marauders rounded the elbow in the trail he was surprised to

HE AWAITED THE APPROACHING HORSEMEN, RESOLUTE AND READY TO ACT.

recognize in the leader young Gregg. The other man was a stranger, an older man, with a grizzled beard, and tall and stooping figure.

"Hello, Joe!" called the ranger. "You're astir early!"

The youth's fat face remained imperturbable, but his eyes betrayed uneasiness. "Yes, it's a long pull into town."

"Been hunting?" queried the ranger, still with cheery, polite interest.

"Oh, no; just visiting one of my sheep camps."

Cavanagh's voice was a little less suave. "Not on this creek," he declared. "I moved your herder last week." He walked forward. "That's a heavy load for a short trip to a sheep camp." He put his hand on the pack. "I guess you'll have to open this, for I heard two shots yesterday morning up where that flock of mountain sheep is running, and, furthermore, I can see blood stains on this saddle blanket."

Gregg threw out a hand in command. "Open it up, Edwards!" he said sullenly.

Off came the outfit, and under the tent lay the noble head of a wild ram, a look of reproach still in his splendid yellow eyes.

Cavanagh's face hardened. "I thought so. Now heave it back and cinch up. It's you to the nearest magistrate, which happens to be Higley of Roaring Fork. I'll make an example of you fellows."

There was nothing for Gregg to say and nothing for Edwards to do but obey, for a resolute ranger with an excellent weapon of the latest and most approved angular pattern stood ready to enforce his command, and when the pack was reinched Cavanagh waved an imperative hand. "I guess I'll have to take charge of your guns," he said, and they yielded without a word of protest. "Now march! Take the left hand trail."

A couple of hours of silent travel brought them to the ranger's cabin, and there he ordered a dismount.

As the coffee was boiling he lectured them briefly. "You fellows are not entirely to blame," he remarked philosophically. "You've been educated to think a game warden a joke and Uncle Sam a long way off. But things have changed a bit. The law of the state has made me game warden, and I'm going to show you how it works. It's my duty to see that you go down the road—and down you go!"

Edwards, the guide, was plainly very uneasy and made several attempts to reach Cavanagh's private ear and at last succeeded. "I've been fooled into this," he urged. "I was hard up and a stranger in the country, and this young fellow hired me to guide him across the range. I didn't shoot a thing. I swear I didn't. If you'll let me off I'll hit the trail to the west and never look back. Don't take me down the road. Let me off!"

"I can't do that," replied Cavanagh, but his tone was kindlier, for he perceived that the old fellow was thin, hollow chested and poorly clad. "You knew you were breaking the laws, didn't you?"

This the culprit admitted. "But I was working for Sam Gregg, and when Joe asked me to go show him the trail I didn't expect to get cinched for killing game. I didn't fire a shot—now that's the truth."

"Nevertheless," retorted Ross, "you were packing the head, and I must count you in the game."

Edwards fell silent then, but something in his look deepened the ranger's pity. His eyes were large and dark, and his face so emaciated that he seemed fit only for a sanitarium.

The trip to the Fork (timed to the gait of a lazy pack horse) was a tedious eight hours' march, and it was nearly 7 o'clock when they arrived at the outskirts of the village.

To the casual observer in a town of this character there was nothing specially noticeable in three horsemen driving a pack horse, but to those whose eyes were keen the true relationship of the ranger to his captives was instantly apparent, and when they alighted at Judge Higley's office a bunch of eager observers quickly collected.

"Hello, Joe! What luck?" called Ballard.

"Our luck was a little too good—we caught a game warden," replied the young scapegrace.

The ranger was chagrined to find the office of the justice closed for the day and, turning to his captives, said: "I'm hungry, and I've no doubt you are. I'm going to take you into Mike Halsey's saloon for supper, but remember you are my prisoners."

In fifteen minutes the town was rumbling with the news. Under Ballard's deviltry all the latent hatred of the ranger and all the concealed opposition to the forest service came to the surface like the scum on a pot of broth. The saloons and eating houses boiled with indignant protest. "What business is it of Ross Cavanagh's?" they demanded. "What call has he to interfere? He's not a game warden."

"Yes, he is. All these rangers are game wardens," corrected another.

"No, they're not. They have to be commissioned by the governor."

"Well, he's been commissioned. He's warden all right."

"I don't believe it. Anyhow, he's too fresh. He needs to have a halt. Let's do him. Let's bluff him out."

Lee Virginia was in the kitchen superintending the service when one of the waiters came in breathless with excitement. "Ross Cavanagh has shot Joe Gregg for killing sheep!"

Lee faced her with blanched face. "Who told you so?"

"They're all talking about it out there. Gee, but they're hot! Some of 'em want to lynch him."

Lee hurried out into the dining room, which was crowded with men and voicing deep excitement.

A half dozen men were standing before the counter talking with Lize, but Lee pushed in to inquire with white, inquiring face: "What is it all about? What has happened?"

"Nothing much," Lize replied contemptuously, "but you'd think a horse had been stole. Ross has nipped Joe Gregg and one of his herders for killing mountain sheep."

"Do you mean he shot them?"

"Yes; he took their heads."

Lee stood aghast. "What do you mean? Whose heads?"

Lize laughed. "The sheep's heads. Oh, don't be scared! No one is hurt yet."

The girl flushed with confusion as the men roared over her blunder. "One of the girls told me Mr. Cavanagh had killed a man," she explained. "Where is he?"

Lize betrayed annoyance. "They say he's taking supper at Mike Halsey's, though why he didn't come here I don't see. What's he going to do?" she asked. "Won't the marshal take the men off his hands?"

"Not without warrant from Higley, and Higley is out of town. Ross 'll have to hold 'em till Higley gets back or else take 'em over to Chauvenet," Lize snorted. "Old Higley! Yes, he's been known to disappear before when there was some real work to be done."

Lee went back to her own task with a vague sense of alarm. "Certainly they will not dare to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duties," she thought. She was eager to see him, and the thought that he might be obliged to ride away to Chauvenet without a word to her gave her a deeper feeling of annoyance and unrest. That he was in any real danger she could not believe.

It was disheartening to Cavanagh to see how some of the most influential citizens contrived to give encouragement to the riotous element of the town. A wink, a gesture, a careless word to the proper messenger, conveyed to the saloon rounders an assurance of sympathy which inflamed their resentment to the murderous point. It was confessedly one of the worst communities in the state.

"Let's run Cavanagh!" was the suggestion of several of Gregg's friends.

The fact that the ranger was a commissioned officer of the law and that the ram's head had been found on the poacher's pack made very little difference to these irresponsible instigators to assault. It was wonderful how highly that loafing young rascal, Joe Gregg, was prized at the moment. "It's an outrage that the son of a leading citizen should be held up in this way by one of the forestry Cossacks," declared one of the merchants.

The discussion which took place over the bars of the town was at the riot heat by 9 o'clock, and soon after 10 a crowd of howling, whooping bad boys and disreputable ranch hands were parading the walks, breathing out vile threats against the ranger.

Accustomed to men of this type, Cavanagh watched them come and go at Halsey's bar with calculating eyes. "There will be no trouble for an hour or two, but meanwhile what is to be done? Higley is not to be found, and the town marshal is also 'out of town.'" To Halsey he said: "I am acting, as you know, under both federal and state authority, and I call upon you as a law abiding citizen to aid me in holding these men prisoners. I shall camp right here till morning or until the magistrate or the marshal relieves me of my culprits."

Halsey was himself a sportsman—a genuine lover of hunting and a fairly consistent upholder of the game laws; but, perceiving that the whole town had apparently lined up in opposition to the ranger, he lost courage. His consent was half hearted, and he edged away toward the front window of his barroom, nervously seeking to be neutral—"to carry water on both shoulders," as the phrase goes.

The talk grew less jocular as the drinks took effect, and Neill Ballard, separating himself from the crowd, came forward, calling loudly: "Come out o' there, Joe! Come out and have a drink!"

His words conveyed less of battle than his tone. He was, in fact, urging a revolt, and Cavanagh knew it.

Gregg rose as if to comply. The ranger stopped him.

"Keep your seat," said he, and to Ballard he warningly remarked, "And you keep away from my prisoners."

"Do you own this saloon?" retorted the fellow truculently. "I reckon Halsey's customers have some rights. What are you doing here, anyway? This is no jail."

"Halsey has given me the privilege of holding my prisoners here till the justice is found. It isn't my fault that the town is without judge or jail." He was weakened by the knowledge that Halsey had only half consented to aid justice, but his pride was roused, and he was determined upon carrying his arrest to its legitimate end. "I'm going to see that these men are punished if I have to carry them to Sulphur City," he added.

"Smash the lights!" shouted some one at the back.

Here was the first real note of war, and Ross cried out sharply, "If a man lifts a hand toward the light I'll cut it off!"

There was a stealthy movement in the crowd, and, leaping upon the counter, a reckless cub reached for the lamp.

Cavanagh's revolver shattered the globe in the fellow's very palm. "Get down from there!" he commanded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Backache, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness.

Result from disordered kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills have helped others, they will help you. Mrs. J. B. Miller, Syracuse, N. Y., says, "for a long time I suffered with kidney trouble and rheumatism. I had severe backaches and felt all played out. After taking two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills my backache is gone and where I used to lie awake with rheumatic pains I now sleep in comfort. Foley Kidney Pills did wonderful things for me." Try them now.—John W. Thurston.